Small And Silly And Safe

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Small And Silly And Safe

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Summary

Brian means to be a responsible adult and discuss his kinks in a sober and rational manner, but Jimmy gets his hands inside Brian's shirt before he can warn him that touching his nipples makes his brain stop working.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Brian means to be a responsible adult and discuss his kinks in a sober and rational manner, but Jimmy gets his hands inside Brian's shirt before he can warn him that touching his nipples makes his brain stop working. They're in Jimmy's tiny bedroom with booze on their breath, Jimmy nuzzling into Brian's beard and now gently pinching and rolling, each touch a sharp line of sensation straight to his cock. He gasps, pushing into Jimmy's hands and trying to keep himself from getting loud already, lower lip caught between his teeth.

"You like that?" Jimmy murmurs, and Brian whimpers a quiet affirmative. Jimmy grins up at him, and pushes him to sit down on the edge of the bed, pulling his shirt off and draping it over the chair.

"Damn, you're gorgeous," he says, giving Brian a long and appreciative look that makes him blush and preen at the same time, before pushing him onto his back and stretching out next to him. He runs his hand slowly over Brian's belly and up to his chest again, and Brian can't help a quiet moan as Jimmy pinches him again and starts that same slight roll that's so good.

"Go ahead and let it out," Jimmy says, and Brian whimpers again, out loud this time. Jimmy ducks his head to bite Brian's shoulder, pinching almost unbearably for just a moment, and then returning to his previous rhythm. Brian moans, clutching at Jimmy's shirt and letting out breathy, high-pitched noises that he can't control.

"Wow," Jimmy breathes, and kisses Brian, hands never stopping. "You really do like this."

"Yes, Daddy," Brian whispers, and doesn't even have time to worry about that slipping out.

Jimmy doesn't seem to have heard him. He brings his mouth down to Brian's chest, sucking one nipple into his mouth and making Brian tip his head back and groan, so hard that his jeans are hurting him now. He squirms and reaches down, fumbling with the button until Jimmy helps him. That broad, capable hand slides into his jeans and cups him through his underwear, the cute red ones chosen just in case something like this happens. Jimmy keeps his mouth on Brian's chest as he gives him a firm, gentle squeeze.

Brian can't help it, he bucks and cries out, clinging to Jimmy and gasping, "Fuck, fuck, *Daddy!*"

Jimmy chuckles, breathless and happy. He kisses Brian's throat with a contented sigh. "God, I never thought you'd be like this," he says, but he sounds like it's the best surprise ever.

He shifts to suckle at Brian's other side, still palming him through his underwear and making him squirm. Brian is at least able to keep from asking if he's being a good boy, but if he was any closer to actually drunk, it would've come out by now. Shit, he's in real trouble this time. Jimmy slips his hand into Brian's boxer briefs and presses slick, strong fingers up behind his balls, rubbing slow circles on his perineum that make him groan.

"Ohhfffuck..." Brian breathes, and cries out as Jimmy bites him so gently that it barely counts.

Jimmy gives him a moment to collect himself, and then prods him to lie the right way on the mattress, throwing back the covers because they don't need any more heat. The sheet is an old-fashioned floral pattern that Brian kind of loves Jimmy for, fussy old queen that he is. He sighs as Jimmy stretches out half on top of him, warm and heavy.

"Baby boy," Jimmy murmurs, fingers still rubbing him, "do you like to get fucked here, or just to play around?"

"J-just to play, mostly, Daddy," Brian whispers, squirming on Jimmy's unyielding fingertips. "S-sorry," he adds in his littlest voice, and feels like kicking himself, because of course he doesn’t need to apologize for that, he just wants so badly to be good for his daddy.

"Don't be sorry," Jimmy says, because Jimmy is good enough for Brian to be here and to be like this, soft and small and silly, in need of looking after. He makes a tiny, high-pitched noise when Jimmy kisses him, and shakes all over when Jimmy pinches his nipple again, slow and hard and with a slight roll that makes Brian cry out, his cock twitching in Jimmy's other hand. "I only want to do things you like, baby boy," he says, and kisses Brian's neck, giving his cock another squeeze at the same time.

"Would it be okay if I rode you, honey?" Jimmy asks, and Brian groans, nodding his agreement so vigorously that it makes Jimmy laugh. He kisses Brian's forehead and then sits up. Brian can't help a disgruntled noise at not having Jimmy's hands on him anymore, but he does his best to wait patiently as Jimmy finds lube and condoms in the bedside drawer. Brian wriggles out of his underwear, hissing at the drag of the wet material over the head of his cock.

Chapter 2

In all of Jimmy's various idle fantasies about Brian, none of them have gone quite like this. There are a lot about riding him, of course, and several where he calls Jimmy 'daddy,' but this configuration, Brian gazing up at Jimmy with big, innocent eyes as he gives him two fingers to rock on, is not one that had occurred to him.

"You like that, Daddy?" Brian asks, and he's so soft and sweet like this that Jimmy moans, leaning down to kiss him.

"Yes, sweetheart," he coos, and then sits up again, biting his lip as he takes Brian's fingers even deeper.

He asks for more and gets it, and soon he's open enough to rise up onto his knees to roll a condom onto Brian and then line them up together. Brian pants lightly, watching Jimmy and trembling as he fights to stay still. He's beautiful like this and Jimmy tells him so, right before he sinks down onto his cock and can't do anything but groan. Brian is a very good fit for him, long enough to get deep like he likes it, but not too big to work with.

Jimmy shudders and grinds on him, leaning forward to take Brian's nipple into his mouth again even though it's hell on his back. He rubs the flat of his tongue over the hard little nub, making Brian cry out and cling to him, hips bucking up into him in a fast, desperate rhythm that Jimmy feels no urge to control. This is going to be fast and messy and that's just fine with him. He bites gently, and Brian wails in a way that makes him really glad that he only has neighbors on one side and that they're out of town.

"Daddy..." Brian moans, big hands gripping and kneading Jimmy's ass.

He's stunning like this, all his usual defenses melted into subby sweetness. He whimpers again and again as Jimmy clenches around him for a moment and soothes his bitten nipple with his tongue before switching to the other side. His back is really starting to complain now, but he has never cared less.

Brian whines helplessly, nails digging into Jimmy's lower back. "Daddy, Daddy, I'm gonna come," he gasps, "is that okay?" He's really asking, and Jimmy loves him for it.

"Yes, baby boy," he says, sitting up to spare his back and to really ride Brian again, "go ahead."

"Daddy, Daddy, you're so *tight*," Brian whimpers, and then cries out as Jimmy pinches his nipples again. A few more desperate thrusts and he's coming so hard his eyes roll back. Jimmy rides him through it and then pulls off, biting his lip and hissing a little. Brian struggles to catch his breath, and gasps his assent when Jimmy asks if he can jerk off on him.

Aesthetically, smooth guys are better for this, but Brian's hairy chest is more than gorgeous enough for Jimmy's purposes. A few strokes and Jimmy is coming all over him, shaking and groaning and wondering if this is the time his heart gives out. Brian gasps when the stuff hits

his skin, and gazes up at Jimmy with big, dark eyes. Jimmy grins down at him, stroking his face and then working his fingers into Brian's hair, giving it a gentle tug.

Brian squirms and smiles. "Wipe me up so I can have hugs," he says, and Jimmy chuckles.

"Sure, honey," he says, and rolls off of Brian and out of bed altogether, coming back with disinfectant wipes, a warm washcloth, and a dry towel. He takes care of Brian first, wiping him clean and patting him dry, and then gives himself a desultory once-over before leaving everything in a pile to climb in beside Brian and cuddle him. "Good?" he asks, and Brian nods, nestling in under Jimmy's chin even though he's the taller one. Jimmy smiles, and strokes his hair. "Such a sweet boy," he coos, and watches the back of Brian's neck flush pink. He chuckles. "We'll have to talk this over later, you know."

Brian makes a weird noise that combines a grumble and plaintive whine, and hides his face even more completely in Jimmy's chest. "Later, Daddy," he mumbles, and Jimmy kisses the top of his head.

"Okay, baby boy," he says softly, "later." Brian hums in contentment as Jimmy rubs his back, relaxing completely against him. "Jesus, how'd I never guess you could be so cute?" he asks, but Brian's only answer is a snore.

End Notes

Reader poll time: should these two absorb Beverly to be Zeller's mommy?

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